

leave until 9:30. All preparations were made for submarine attack, or for being struck by a mine. We were convoyed by three destroyers. Every man was supplied with a life belt. Colonel Markham of the 303d Engineers, was on board and therefore commanding officer of troops on the boat. I was assigned "aft" to look after rafts and keep the men under control. We made the crossing of the channel without any accident. I had heard so much about the rough trip that I fully expected to be seasick but escaped. On reaching Calais our nearness to the front was again emphasized by the many, many wounded who were being unloaded from trains and ambulances and carried into boats for England. We formed the column on the docks and then marched to a Rest Camp about a mile and a half from the dock. The "rest" is questionable. This is the dirtiest camp we have been in yet. Officers are in large tents about twenty-four to a tent. Washing and bathing facilities are poor, but we will get along all right. The men are twelve to sixteen in small tents, no beds or mattresses, just their own blankets.

Air raids are frequent here and trenches and dugouts are available for those who are not in protected tents. We are not; our trench is about 300 feet from our tent. They are protection against shrapnel and flying splinters, etc. If the bomb hits your trench near you, your chances are slim of getting out whole. It was a very windy day, dry, and there was consequently a great deal of dust. The camp is in a sand flat, which made walking difficult. The walk over from the boat was hot, the camp looked very uninviting, unkempt, unclean, the men were hungry and thirsty and were halted on our Block Parade Ground in six inches of sand. There was considerable speculation as to what we were to do, where to go, and what to become. There was no complaining among the men. The men stacked arms and were soon marched to mess hall. I have had a very depressed feeling all evening. I am heartsick for you, dear heart, and kiddie boy, and the quiet of the dear home at Chapel Hill. I am sleepy tonight and must turn in. I hope to get a good night's sleep regardless of the thought of air raids.

*June 15, Saturday.* About 10:30 last night there was considerable firing from the post, and air planes were heard. We in our tents all stayed abed. It was said to have been a small air raid. It rained last night which settled the dust and makes living here more com-